

## Pioneer Presbyterian Pastor Of Edmonton Passes Away

Rev. Dr. David G. McQueen, B.A., D.D., LL.D., Died Wednesday Morning—Member of the University of Alberta Senate—Resident in Edmonton for Forty-three Years

One of the last of Edmonton's most noted pioneers, Rev. Dr. D. G. McQueen, B.A., D.D., LL.D., died at 11:55 on Wednesday morning after an illness of two months' duration. Aged 76, and still in a weakened condition as a result of an attack of pneumonia a year ago, Dr. McQueen was unable to successfully resist a sudden relapse. Chief among the hundreds of mourners were Mrs. McQueen and five children, Christine, Jean, Helen, Robert and James.

Dr. McQueen's death is a distinct loss to the community in which he worked for forty-three years. He was an untiring church man, having been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Edmonton from 1887 until his death. Many other activities claimed the attention of Dr. McQueen during his residence in this city. He was chaplain of the First Edmonton Fusiliers, and held the rank of major in the present unit, his twenty-odd years of service entitling him to the letters V.D. in addition to his other honors. A member of the Rotary Club for many years, Rev. Dr. McQueen was honorary chaplain of that service organization. His membership in the University of Alberta Senate was to have terminated next May, and he was at one time an active member of the Edmonton hospital board.

### Native of Ontario

Born at Kirkwell, Wentworth County, Ontario, on Christmas Day, 1854, Dr. McQueen was the youngest of a family of ten, his parents being James and Catherine Goldie (Hewitt) McQueen, natives of Scotland. He attended public school in Kirkwell, and later the Watertown high school. A teacher's certificate was awarded him, and he devoted a year to educational work.

In 1884, the destined churchman was graduated with honors in mathematics by the University of Toronto. He completed a course in theology at Knox College in 1887, and left for the west, taking charge of the First Presbyterian Church here in the same year.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him in 1905 by Knox College, to be followed later (1915) by the bestowal of the degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of Alberta.

### Pastor's Excellent Record

Dr. McQueen's work resulted in rapid promotion in the Presbyterian Church. When the general assembly of that church was held in Edmonton in 1912, he was made moderator. In 1929 he was appointed moderator of the Edmonton presbytery, succeeding his co-pastor in this section, Rev. Thomas Tait. Dr. McQueen held this position until March of this year.

The union of Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Canada in 1925 was staunchly opposed by the pioneer pastor. The First Presbyterian, together with the Strathcona, Westmount, and two other Presbyterian churches of Edmonton remain outside the union.

The sons and daughters of Dr. McQueen—Christina, Jean, Helen, Robert, James, and Alexander—attended the University of Alberta. Alexander McQueen was killed in action in the third battle of Ypres, June 4, 1916, having been wounded thrice on the day preceding his death.

A monument to the memory of the noted Presbyterian is to be seen in the church of which he was pastor for so long. Tribute was paid to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McQueen in June, 1927, when citizens of Edmonton met to mark the fortieth anniversary of the arrival of this very popular and respected couple.

Andrews Bros. have charge of the arrangements for Dr. McQueen's interment, the latter to take place at a time to be announced later. Military honors may be accorded the veteran churchman.

## STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING

October 20th, 1930.

(a) Call to Order: The Students' Council met in A-135 at 7:30 p.m., President Harding in the chair.

(b) Minutes: Motion: That the minutes be adopted as read. Carried.

(c) New Business:

1. Motion: That the election of S. Sillitoe as Representative of Applied Science be accepted. Carried.

2. Motion: That Miss C. Wainwright's resignation as member of the Women's Disciplinary Committee be accepted. Carried.

3. Motion: That the report of the W.C.I.A.U. delegate in regard to the W.C.I.A.U. meeting be accepted. Carried.

(d) Adjournment: Motion: That this meeting adjourn to consider the Budget. Carried.

W. G. ROXBURGH, Secretary.

### PIONEER PASSES



REV. DR. D. G. McQUEEN

Whose death yesterday will prove a great loss to the Province of Alberta.

## SYMPHONY OPENS NEW SEASON

Mrs. Hudson Soloist, Mr. F. Holden-Rushworth Conductor at First Presentation

A large audience was present at the initial programme of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra in the Empire Theatre on Sunday night, October 19, 1930. The orchestra, numbering 51 instruments, played with style and brilliancy under the very capable conductorship of Mr. F. Holden-Rushworth. The programme was well chosen from the standpoint of balance and interest, and was rendered very effectively. The ensuing season should prove bright and encouraging to the members of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra.

The first number, Overture to the Opera "Joan of Arc" by Verdi, possesses all the melody, beauty and masterly orchestral effects for which the great Italian composer is so justly celebrated. Verdi, though a musician of diversified talent, was essentially a composer of opera.

Haydn's Finale: Presto and Adagio from Symphony No. 84 in A, the "Farewell," has a freshness and cheerfulness truly characteristic of the "father of instrumental music."

Mrs. Hudson delighted her audience with two numbers, "Eternal Love" by Brahms and "Hymn to the Night" by Campbell Tipton. Her voice is rich and full and possesses remarkable power and range. She was accompanied by Mrs. Keeling.

The next orchestra selection was "Henry VIII," Ballet Divertissement by Saint-Saens. It is written in six parts: 1. Introduction: Entrance of the Clans; 2. Scottish Idyl; 3. Celebration of the Housbon; 4. Gypsy Dance; 5. Scherzetto; 6. Figue and Final. Saint-Saens was one of the most versatile composers. He could compose in any style, of any period and in any form. Many striking effects are produced in the "Ballet Divertissement."

A group of three numbers concluded the programme. The first Reconciliation Polka from the Ballet "Les Millions d'Arlequin" by Richard Drigo, is filled with sparkling melody. Rubenstein's "Cavalry Trot" has appealing rhythm and is vividly descriptive in its orchestral effects. Overture to "Ruy Blas" by Mendelssohn, is a bright composition, full of vigorous vitality, and the instrumentation bears ample evidence of Mendelssohn's mastery skill.

Anyone wishing to work on The Gateway this year is requested to call at 102 Arts as soon as possible.

## DR. ALEXANDER TO TEACH SUMMER SCHOOL AT CALIF.

Will Give Graduate Course in Latin During Summer of 1931

Professor W. H. Alexander, of the Department of Classics, has accepted the invitation of Dean Harold Bruce, of the University of California, to be a member of the summer faculty of that institution in 1931. He will give one graduate course in Latin, and one senior course, and in all likelihood a short series of lectures on the history and development of Greek art.

Dr. Alexander last lectured at Berkeley in the summer of 1927.

### THE JUNIOR PLAY

A well-attended meeting was held on Monday last to discuss the selection of the Junior Play. Although the majority of Juniors present appeared to favor the production of a comedy, it was finally decided to narrow down the selection to half a dozen or so suitable plays of various degrees of seriousness, and from that group to make a final choice.

Consequently the meeting was adjourned until Monday, Oct. 27th, in order that some play reading might be accomplished. A list of suggested titles has been posted on the notice board, and it is requested that other names will be added. The Junior Representative wishes to point out the importance of the choice of a play, and it is hoped that as many as possible will respond to the task of reading.

Material may be obtained from the Stack, the Extension Library or from the City Library. Any person coming across a suitable plot is requested to hand it on to other members of the class in order that it may come up for discussion.

### SOPHOMORE DRAMATICS

Inter-year plays are looming up in the distance, reminding classes that there is much work to be done before they can be presented. The Sophomores met in Arts 135 Tuesday afternoon at 4:30. The meeting was called to order by Miss Clements, who explained that it was necessary

## PRESIDENT, DEAN LEAVE FOR OTTAWA

Dr. Wallace and Dean Howes Entrained for East Last Tuesday

Dr. R. C. Wallace, President of the University of Alberta, left last Tuesday morning on a trip to eastern Canada.

While absent from Edmonton, Dr. Wallace expects to attend the installation ceremonies at Queen's University, the occasion being the inception of a new principal. At Kingston, it is likely that the Alberta University president will be presented with the degree of LL.D. Several other matters will require that Dr. Wallace's trip occupy two weeks' time.

Dean E. A. Howes, of the Department of Agriculture, has also been called east on a confidential matter concerning the Trail Smelter case. The absence of Dean Howes is expected to last for three weeks, and is the result of a request of the Dominion Government.

to appoint a committee to read and report on plays. Bert Cairns, Miss Howes and Jack McKillican were appointed to the committee. The Sophomores will necessarily have to present a comedy, but this is no hardship for (if one can believe the Freshmen) the class abounds in comic characters.

## DR. McQUEEN

It was with the most profound regret that we learned yesterday of the death of Rev. Dr. D. G. McQueen. His connection with the University has been of long duration; he was awarded the degree of LL.D. here and in addition was a member of the Senate at the time of his death. Six of his seven children have attended this institution and have been well known to the majority of the students. Dr. McQueen was himself a familiar figure to many here, and we are assured that all students of the University will join with us in extending our sincerest sympathy to those who have most keenly felt his loss.

For nearly half a century Dr. McQueen has pioneered in the work of the Presbyterian Church in Edmonton, having been one of the first Protestant churchmen to come to this part of the world. For his great work in its behalf the church rewarded him with the position of Moderator. With his passing we lose another of our great pioneers of whom so few now remain. With them he has gone . . . to journey

Down his last long trail,

Ever onwards, to the new lands that lie

Beyond the setting sun.

—L. L. A.

## E.S.S. HOLD FIRST MEET OF SEASON

Purchase of Equipment for Inter-faculty Rugby Team Discussed

With a good showing of the old members present and with a large number of the new students present, the Engineering Students' Society held their first meeting of the season '30-'31 on Friday last.

The chief business under discussion at the meeting was the purchase of equipment for the use of the Inter-faculty rugby team. The meeting was of the opinion that the Union should be responsible for assuming some of the cost of the equipment for the use of the team, but that in view of the shortness of the season it would be best for the society to act at once in order that the team derive some benefit from the said equipment.

Mr. Webb, Honorary President of the Society, who had been the first President when the society was organized in the University, gave a brief outline of the development of Engineering activities during the last ten years. In closing, he offered his services to the society for the coming year.

Dean Wilson also addressed the meeting on the situation which confronts the Engineering profession of today. His address was of great interest to his hearers, dealing primarily with problems which they are called on to face throughout their University career and after they get out into the world.

Sidney Sillitoe was elected to act as representative of the society on the Students' Council in the absence of Mr. Whitehorn, who has not returned.

The next meeting of the society will be held on the 24th. Notice regarding the program and the place will be posted on the bulletin board in the Arts Building.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS ELECTS OFFICERS

Fred Gale Elected President for Ensuing Year

Nominations, speeches, elections! It's just the same wherever you go and whoever you are. The Sophomores are the latest offenders, and they are crying because their election hardly raised a ripple in the class, if one is to judge from the small attendance at the election speeches.

Fred Gale, last year's president of the Freshman class, was the first speaker. He gave a résumé of his work during the last year, creating genuine feeling when he said that the Sophomore class had a hundred dollars carry over from last year. The dance and sleigh ride had been highlights of the year's festivities. One thing that he stressed was the necessity of all good Sophs coming in early and paying their fees so that the work of the year might be planned.

Marg. McDermid, who was elected vice-president by acclamation, thanked the class for their support. George Meech, unopposed nominee for secretary-treasurer, also thanked the Sophomores for the support given him. Wilf. Hutton, nominee for the presidency, spoke for a few moments on the things he would like to do if he were elected. Five good men and true were nominated for the executive, and of course they all had to talk. They didn't say very much, mutually agreeing that the only thing a Soph could do was the right thing, and since they were all Sophs, there wasn't much likelihood of anything going wrong, no matter who was elected to the executive.

Came election day (as the movie captions used to say), and Freddy Gale got 63 votes to 31 cast for Wilf. Hutton. Jack Ford, Frank Kennedy, Tim Byrne were elected to the executive by small margins over Len Graves and Buchanan.

## Manitoba Here Saturday

Manitoba's lineup for the game here against Alberta at Varsity Grid, 2:30 Saturday, October 25th:

Snap, Tessler; middles, Strachan, Kilgour; insides, Williamson, Proudfoot; ends, Leitch, Skeleter; flying wing, Moyse; halves, Tomlinson, Bracken and Renix; subs, Reyecraft, McKenty, Ramsey, Backeem, Simpson, Harbottle, Miller and Crayston.

## B. C. Rugby Squad Outscores Varsity 16-1

Boys From Coast Prove Superior in All Departments of the Game—Dirom is the Outstanding Man on Field

British Columbia started their prairie invasion with an impressive victory over the Green and Gold squad on Wednesday. The boys from the coast played a bang-up game of rugby, and there was simply no holding them.

Sporting a strong line and three outstanding players in the backfield British Columbia seemed to make yards at will. In Dirom they have a backfield star of the first order. Time and again he was given the play, and tore off yards through the line or around the end. As a yard gainer Mrs. Dirom's boy was simply a gift to B.C.

Alberta, on the other hand, just didn't seem to get going. The visitors got the jump on them from the start and never gave the locals time to catch up. An analysis of yards made shows that B.C. made yards 18 times to Alberta's 5. Theirs was a well-earned victory. They got their plays away smoothly, and their line held Alberta back long enough for their players to skirt the ends. The end runs pulled by the coast team were nearly always good for yards. Innes, their quarter, sprung a surprise play on Alberta when he called a twisting play. All the Green and Gold fell for a fake end run, while Innes made 30 yards around the short end. Al Hall came on for the second half and played well.

Alberta was without the services of Bill Pullishy. From where we sat Bill Shandro seemed to be having trouble with his ankle. He didn't get away at all on his catches. All good players are said to have an off day—Wednesday was Bill's. He plunged well, but had little success in open field running or kicking.

Hunter, Cook and Hutton tackled well and were getting down under Ivan Smith's forward passes in great style. Ivan threw and kicked as well as one could wish, but had little success in running back punts. In the line, Ken Thompson and Dud Menzies were stopping them, but a lot of bucks seemed to come through centre. Thompson played a fine hard-working game.

Mickey Timothy and Reg Moir tackled well, but it generally took more than one man to stop Dirom. We think Varsity should have tried more end runs when they saw the quality of the line which opposed them. The forward pass game seems to be getting better all the time. Summing the game up, the score 16-1 and the times first yards were made, 18 to 5, show the superiority of the coast team. They played a fast, heady and clean game. If one must be beaten (and one must, it seems), British Columbia is a good team to take it from.

### First Quarter

Kennedy kicked and Latta ran back ten yards. Latta bucked through centre 8 yards. Moore bucked down for yards. B.C. lost a down for offside. Dirom slipped on his buck. Duncan kicked and Smith ran back. Alberta's end run tackled behind line. Alberta muffed a pass and Smith kicked. Latta caught. B.C. ran an end run for 2 yards. Varsity held B.C.'s buck, but B.C. made the sufficient distance. Dirom made yards, but B.C. called back for offside. Duncan caught a forward pass for a 20 yard gain and was stopped by Cook. Jessler caught a 25 yard pass. Bolton bucked through centre. The ball was on Alberta's line. Dirom bucked it over. Latta failed to convert.

Alberta kicked to Latta, who ran back 10 yards. Varsity holds buck through centre. Dirom held on buck. Latta made 50 yard kick. Alberta's fake buck failed. Alberta fails on forward pass. Hunter tackled Latta on Smith's kick. B.C. held on buck. Buzz Fenerty made a spectacular catch of B.C.'s forward pass. Smith kicked. B.C. bucked and then kicked. Mickey Timothy caught a nice forward pass from Smith. Cook

## Did You See—?

A new Lean-to in The Gateway office (hush! we don't mean the Editor).

Bill Proctor's picture on display near the Post Office, very pretty indeed.

Bert Cairns gypped out of a choice seat at the Commerce luncheon. Tsk, tsk!

Vera Christie gypped out of a choice seat at the Commerce luncheon. Tsk, tsk, tsk!

Dinty Healy reminiscing over his expectations for the coming year. The lack of Twittering on the campus, or off it, this year.

Margaret Day demanding her quarter-back at the Tuck.

Anything of a Freshette who persists in falling asleep in one of the Pembina bathtubs.

Bud Morgan getting that Tuck Shop habit.

A group of Boys in a very close huddle over the latest dirt; tuts and tushes!

Margaret Crang wearing a very loud Garneau High School necktie. We ask why?

Art McLennan among the social elite, nice boy.

caught a forward pass from Smith. Jestley intercepted a forward pass, but fumbled. A silent play by Alberta failed. Smith kicked to Latta, who made yards through centre. B.C. made yards on end runs and on bucks through centre.

At end of first quarter B.C. has nearly all the play. Dirom and Latta starred for B.C., and Timothy showed up well for Alberta.

### Second Quarter

The ball was near Alberta's touch-line. Dirom went over on an end run. Not converted.

Dirom ran back Varsity's kick over halfway. Latta failed on a buck. Bolton made 8 yards around the right end. B.C. failed on two forward passes and kicks. Alberta's backfield fumbled and B.C. recovered. Dirom bucked 5 yards. Dirom failed to gain on an end run. B.C. kicked to Shandro. Alberta failed to complete a forward pass. Alberta made a run around left end, 3 yards to go. Smith kicked 40 yards and Hutton nailed the carrier. Dirom made yards on a buck. B.C.'s end run failed. Walmsley made 5 yards on a buck. B.C. kicked to Smith, who was downed in his tracks. Shandro made 6 yards through centre. Alberta fumbled the next play. Smith kicked to Latta. Walmsley bucked 5 yards. Walmsley got through, but an offside was called. B.C. kicked to Shandro, who lost the ball. He wasn't given yards. Alberta's ball. On a forward pass, Smith Hutton, Alberta made 45 yards. Shandro bucked 5 yards. After the next play followed an argument—rule books produced—Alberta loses the ball. B.C. kicks to Shandro. Smith kicked and B.C. fumbled. Alberta's ball. Alberta's forward pass went wild. Smith threw a wonderful distance, but the ball went over the receiver. Alberta kicked, B.C. fumbled and Alberta recovered. Shandro failed on a drop-kick. Wilf Hutton tackled B.C. for a rouge, 1 point.

Half-time: B.C. 10, Alberta 1

B.C. kicked to Smith, who ran back 15 yards. Alberta fumbled an attempted end run, but Timothy recovered. Duncan was penalized 5 minutes for remarks to linesman. B.C. made a long wild pass, but recovered after Alberta had grabbed the ball. B.C. made yards on end run around left end. Latta went through for 6 yards. Dirom failed to gain on a buck. Chodat failed to clear the kick. Alberta ball. Smith kicked to Steele, who fumbled, and Hutton recovered. Alberta failed on

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## JOTTINGS

The Debating Club got away to a good start when on Thursday, Oct. 16th, the first of the Parliamentary Debates was held. As usual, the debate was held in the Common Room in the Arts Building, and the topic was: "Resolved that it is to the best interests of the student body to build a student financed gymnasium at this time." The leader for the government was Mr. Earl Bowser, and the opposition was upheld by Mr. Ted Manning. Many arguments pro and con were heard after the above-mentioned speakers finished, and finally a vote was taken, which upheld the government by 25 to 12. The speaker for the evening was Mr. Eric Gibbs, this year's president of the club. There was a very good turnout, the Common Room being very nearly full. The next debate will be held on Thursday, Oct. 30.

The first Commerce luncheon of the year was held on Tuesday, Oct. 21, in the Assembly Hall of St. Joseph's College. There was a very excellent turnout, and after the dinner the club listened to Mr. L. Y. Cairns give a short and very enjoyable talk on "Is the Commerce degree at the University of Alberta worth a hoot?" The conclusion Mr. Cairns advisedly arrived at was that it certainly was. The meeting was decidedly a big success, and the members are eagerly anticipating the next.

The Engineers' Club will hold a smoker at 7:30, October 24, in the Upper Gym. Instead of the customary speaker, there will be songs, yells and smokes, all of which certainly ought to provide variety.

The Ag Club will hold a little get-together meeting at 4:30 October 24, in the Arts Building. The speaker will be Mr. E. L. Gray, who is the Field Crops Commissioner for Alberta. He will address the club on "Field Crop Management in Alberta."

With the Wauneita reception coming up on Saturday night, it is no uncommon sight (around Pembina, at least) to see the dear girls, right from the suave seniors to the flustered freshettes, looking madly. We wish them loads of luck. We didn't get a bid, anyway, so we don't give a hoot. There's still time, though, girls, so hurry up to The Gateway office.





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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## COLLEGE LIFE

So this is college! Most of us have cherished various ideas concerning it, but now all doubts are to be laid at rest at last, for in some way or other a magazine bearing the enticing title "College Life" was recently left in The Gateway Office, probably in order that The Gateway staff should learn therefrom and so spread the Kollegiate Kulture throughout the University of Alberta.

The fact that this magazine carries upon its cover the modest announcement that it contains "The Best Wit and Humor in America" does not directly concern us here. What we do most strenuously object to, however, is the positively insulting title "College Life."

It may be that elsewhere undergraduates have other standards of decency than have most of those we have met, but the idea of a University (or any other institution) anywhere, of which the contents of this magazine were representative, would be positively revolting.

May we make so bold as to suggest, then, that "College Life", which might well be ranked with "True Stories" and The "Calgary Eye Opener" (this latter, by the way, being published somewhere in the United States) is not representative of college life at all, but is merely a title selected by an inconsiderate publisher, who hopes (God knows why!) thereby to increase the magazine's popularity. About the possible effect of this upon the universities of this continent the publishers probably do not know, and almost certainly do not care. The average college student is having, in these times of increasingly strenuous competition, a hard enough time in his contacts with the outside world without the assistance of any such knocks as the publishers of "College Life" seem bent on handing out.

We suppose if anyone cares to read the kind of trash carried by this publication they have a perfect right to do so, but we would like to make a gentle suggestion to the publishers, that by changing the name of their magazine to some nice alliterative title such as "Sloppy Slush," they might enormously increase its circulation and at the same time render a great service to the interests of justice and truth.

## CAPT. BOYD'S RETURN FLIGHT

After establishing a claim to the glory of being the first Canadian to fly across the Atlantic, Captain Errol Boyd now voices his intention to make a return flight. We question the wisdom of the plan.

Besides occasioning great anxiety to relatives, the journey back can make no very appreciable contribution to aeronautical science. A successful crossing would, no doubt, receive the praises which are now the habitual reward for the ocean flyer, but the possible resulting increase in the "air-mindedness" of the public and in the advance of flying knowledge seems hardly to balance the danger of losing men so valuable to Canadian aeronautics as Capt. Boyd and Lieut. Connor.

The "Columbia", heretofore famous as the plane in which Clarence Chamberlain made the New York to Paris hop, and now more famous for its second ocean flight, is certainly a good advertisement for its builders. Further, its endurance and dependability are an index of the mechanical excellence to be achieved in aircraft of the future. However, Capt. Boyd should not try good fortune too far in an attempt to add a little more to the fine performance record of the "Columbia." The journey is to be even more severely criticized if the flyers are merely endeavoring to "get a kick" out of life. Newer planes than theirs have found the east-west Atlantic flight to be no sinecure.

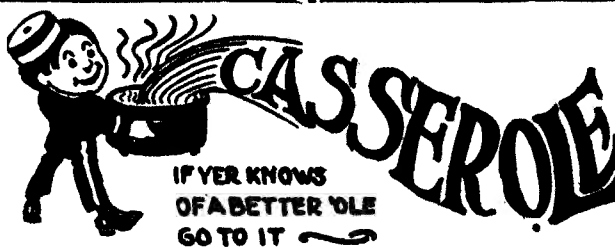
Were Capt. Boyd and Lieut. Connor attempting to demonstrate a new flying principle, or to prove the superiority of a new type of motor, their trip might be warranted. Since the flight, if successful, can have but little greater result than to add somewhat to the fame of the plane and flyers, we think that the two men should be content to rest on laurels safely won. Their relatives appear to be of the same opinion.

—G. N. I.

## IMPROVEMENTS

During the summer just past the University launched out upon a comparatively extensive plan of improvement, which, while principally concerned with sidewalks, extended also to roads and grounds in general. Aside from the greatly improved appearance of the University grounds, several notable benefits to humanity have accrued from the replacement of the old board sidewalks in front of the Arts Building by new concrete ones. The most noteworthy is probably the fact that co-eds who have rushed to 8:30 lectures will no longer spend the day hobbling around the Arts Building on one foot as the result of having lost a heel between two of the planks which separated the cracks in the old walk.

It is understood that strong opposition to the widening and graveling of the road back of the residences and in front of St. Joseph's was developed by the medical school, several of the members of which, it is rumored, have for years past been living in hopes (which have nearly been fulfilled at least a thousand times) that a head-on collision at one of the sharp and narrow turns would furnish them with good first-hand material for first-aid work. The widening and smoothing of the road, together with the elimination



It is said that married men live longer than bachelors. They only think they do.

There was an old fisher named Fischer,  
Who fished from the end of a fissure,  
Till a fish with a grin  
Pulled the fisherman in,  
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

Captain, approaching passenger who is leaning over the rail: "What's the matter, my good fellow?"  
Passenger: "I guess I'm a bit under the weather."  
Captain: "Seasick? You must have a weak stomach."

Passenger: "Well, I notice that my range is better than the rest of them."

Doctor: "Nothing but an operation will save your life."

Patient: "And how much will that cost?"

Doctor: "About five hundred dollars."

Patient: "But I only have a hundred dollars."

Doctor: "In that case let us see what pills will do."

He: "What part do you play?"

She: "Oh, I'm just the poor girl who goes astray and is thrown out into the street. But where are you going?"

He: "Out to wait in the street."

The Saturday night hop was enjoyed by all—those who stayed away, and the stag line who took possession of two-fifths of the floor space. Why not a rope to keep them in place? This, at any rate, would provide slightly more sparring room within the bull ring.

Captain: "So you're going to spend the rest of the afternoon in a steamer chair?"

Seasick Blonde: "Why, yes, if nothing else comes up!"

"Oh, Sue, your brother saw me kiss you! What shall I give him for hush money?"

"Oh, he usually gets fifty cents."

Officer: "You were speeding. I've got to pinch you."

Fair Motorist: "Oh, please! If you must, do it where it won't show!"

Householder: "So, my good man, you are in straitened circumstances?"

Hawker: "Straitened! Sir, if I was twins I'd be parallel."

Since the proportion of boys to girls at the weekend gym-jams is about two to one, why not start the boys dancing with one another and thus relieve some of the dead weight on the floor near the entrance?

"Come on, Bernares," urged Alahabad, the counterfeiter, "let's make rupees."

Sheiky Al: "How did you learn about this new lipstick?"

Necky Nell: "Oh, it's been going around from mouth to mouth."

When we refer to the bottomless pit are we thinking of Pitt the elder or Pitt the younger?

Wrecked Motorist (opening his eyes): "I had the right-of-way, didn't I?"

Bystander: "Yes, but the other fellow had a truck."

If you want to get ahead, use the one you've got.

of several dangerous curves, have unfortunately completely obviated the chances of such an occurrence. (It might, however, be noted in this connection that the road in front of the Medical Building has most considerably been left in its original state, and should provide enterprising students with various interesting dislocations of the spine upon which to practice.)

While upon the subject of this road, we would like to suggest another great improvement which might well be effected, and which may well prove at some time to be a factor in saving many lives. That is the placing of small, bright colored flags across the waste snow which covers the above-mentioned road in front of St. Joseph's College, in order that travellers may not lose their way and perish of cold and hunger before being rescued. We can recommend a bright orange hue for these flags, as the one found best by Bryd in his Antarctic expedition. As an alternative scheme for all this, we recommend the use of a good snow-plow.

## BUDGETS

At a closed meeting held on Monday night the Students' Council considered the various budgets presented by clubs and prepared the general budget for the year. The gathering, in order to facilitate business, was closed to outsiders. At a meeting of the Union, to be held in the near future, the budget will be presented by the Treasurer for the consideration of all students. A short time before the occasion printed budget forms will be distributed in order to give every member of the Union ample chance to study the details before the actual time of the meeting.

There have been rumours circulating to the effect that the budget would be passed quietly (?) by the Council and thereafter nothing more would be heard of it unless the students had enough initiative to call a special meeting to veto the action. We are assured, however, that the budget will be presented at a regular Union meeting to be held at an early date. We would urge every student to attend this meeting and in this manner show that they have some interest in the conduct of student government.

## EXCHANGE

As far as the battle for learning goes, we are pacifists—conscientious objectors. —Christopher Morley, speaking of college days—(Intercollegiate Press).

After terrific struggles, a first-year man finished his examination paper and then, at the end, wrote: "Dear Professor: If you sell any of my answers to the funny papers, I expect you to split fifty-fifty with me."—Vox.

Five performances of Milton's "Samson Agonistes" have been given in the Fellows' Garden of Exeter College, Oxford.—The Union Recorder.

Why do women always average higher in their grades than men? It's disturbing to us males—even to the most ardent feminists among us. We grant full equality to women; we can see with our own eyes that they function as efficiently as men in a field so thoroughly masculine as our own—journalism. We grant them full equality—but no more.

And yet they always lead. Disgruntled gentlemen protest frequently that the dangerous sex are good only at book larnin'; like parrots, they say, women repeat what they read with no power to apply it. But that isn't it. We know the real reason women get better grades: it's because the great majority of instructors are men.—The University Daily Kansan.

## The Fiend

They were alone in the country—wooded hills separated them from the nearest house. The spot was ideal for a murder. Suddenly he muttered and wheeled on his prone victim. "I'm going to kill you," he hissed. Slowly he pulled out his shooting iron and advanced step by step. The one on the ground lay white and motionless. Bang went the six shooter and dirt flew into the air. But the shot went wild. "You'll get it now," he raged. Again the sturdy six crashed and again he missed. With an oath he threw down the weapon and seized a hickory club. Down came a horrible blow. "I got you," he cried. And the gold ball rolled to the green.—California Pelican.

Ottawa, Canada.—Like the dodo bird and the passenger pigeon, Canada's rollypoly Eskimos are gradually being wiped off the earth by civilization, according to officials here.

There are about 6,000 of them of the Dominion, and all are specially dwelling in the northern vastnesses susceptible to tuberculosis, grip, whooping cough, measles, chicken-pox and other diseases introduced to the Arctic by the white man, propagated there by the unsanitary conditions under which the natives live. With the long range rifles supplied by the white traders, the Eskimos transform a natural wild life paradise into a land of famine.

One thing in the Eskimo's favor in his fight with new conditions is the fact that, generally speaking, he has no inherent craving for liquor. Government officials hope early preventative measures may save this simple but admirable race from extinction.—Intercollegiate Press.

Berlin.—Germany is still profoundly stirred by the mystery of what has become of the 100,000 world war soldiers who were last reported prisoners of war.

Thousands of German mothers and wives still cling to the faint hope that somewhere their sons and husbands are still alive.

For years it was thought that somewhere in the frozen wastes of Siberia there must be a lost prisoner's camp, and wild speculations were made as to the possible whereabouts of the 43,251 German prisoners in France who apparently have utterly disappeared.

A decade has brought no solution. The probability is that most of these men died during epidemics that swept the world during the last stages of the war, and that failure to record their deaths was due to some fault fairly natural at the time.

A number of former German prisoners of war in France joined the Foreign Legion. Quite a number of the 51,213 "lost" prisoners in Russia are believed to have settled in some part of the Soviet Union.—Intercollegiate Press.

Miami, Fla.—Mrs. Harry Houdini, widow of the internationally known magician, recently revealed that she has abandoned all hope of communicating with her deceased husband in the spirit world.

She said that for three years she sought to penetrate beyond the grave and communicate with her husband, but has now renounced faith in such a possibility.

"I hoped and prayed and worked to get a message from Houdini," she said, "and several of the great spiritualistic advocates declare I have succeeded. But it is not true. The silence is impenetrable. There is only a void."

"If I had succeeded in communicating with Houdini I would shout it from the housetops, and I would carry a message of hope to all burdened souls, but I have none. There is nothing there."

When Houdini died, Mrs. Houdini announced that she and her husband had formed a pact by which he was to communicate with her if possible from the spirit world.—Intercollegiate Press.

Playing marbles is a privilege of the juniors only at Princeton, and spinning tops is solely the sport of seniors.—Toronto "Varsity."

One hundred and twenty-six technical courses have been dropped by the University of Washington (Seattle) in the last two years.—Toronto "Varsity."

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## THE SOW'S EAR

### Discourse on Destiny

It is an old Eastern custom, and a rather younger Western custom, to greet those blows and carresses which life so impartially bestows upon us with pious resignation or modesty, to bow our heads meekly beneath the bludgeonings or to smirk coyly out from under the laurels which we receive during our earthly sojourn, attributing our sorrows and our joys alike to a vague abstract power known variously as Destiny, Fate, Kismet or Providence. Since this Destiny or Fate weaves so much of the texture of our lives, it might be interesting to investigate it a little, and observe some of the phenomena by which it manifests itself.

Now, in the first place, Destiny is usually conspicuous only in great men and in great affairs. Napoleon, as we have heard, and as Herr Ludwig reminds us, was the Man of Destiny. Great men also suffer *sad fates*. Little men, though, humble bourgeois, or peasants or ploughmen are seldom remarked as being adopted by this powerful foster-parent, and even when their petty little lives are summarily terminated, while the malady or accident which thus nips their bloom is named as "fatal," the adjective has lost much of the force it once possessed, and connotes the mere discontinuance of existence rather than the intervention of a great overruling power, and we feel that such simple souls have just died, and have not been plucked importantly in their prime by cruel vigilant Fate.

Nevertheless, if Fate or Destiny, as we imply, selects from a myriad of souls one turbulent spirit, and decrees to it great honours, high estate or superior intellect, and decides the steps by which these honours shall be attained, and the employ to which this intellect shall be put, and fixes the term of life for this chosen one, if Fate thus selects one, it must, at the same time, settle the lot of the myriad, and fix their lives into an immutable mould, and the lowliest of us must be as much a puppet of Destiny as the highest. And it is of these lowly mannequins that I should like to speak.

Thus we come to *Secondly*:—We are all part of the Destiny of our parents, that is, if there is any Destiny. Our parents were part of the Destiny of their parents, and so on back to the First Parents, squatting back there in the muck of aeons, glowering at us, their long-destined and slightly refined, if far removed, ultimate offspring. We are thus tiny links of an immense chain of Destinies stretching from our original parents, whatever they may have been, and they were destined to produce creatures who would eventually produce us. Hence Destiny or Fate, as it planned our hazy progenitors, cast at the same time the adamant line

matrix from which our lives were to be finally shaped. And these things having been destined, nothing could alter them, since no alteration could be destined and still be an alteration.

Our imagination now presents to us the monumental task which Destiny, before Things Were, attempted and accomplished. Besides planning the careers of Alexander, Caesar, Byron, Napoleon and the other vast host of the great, and at the same time scheming out a life for philologists, grammarians, historians, biographers and literati, whose destiny should be to study the destinies of these great, and for students, whose destiny it should be to study these studies, besides planning these intricate inter-relations and ramifications, Destiny was also occupied with arranging the trifles, as that there should be an assassination in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, and that the Russian winter of 1812 should be exceptionally severe, and that Walter Tyrell's arrow should glance off a tree into Rufus' breast, and that the geese should cackle for the Romans. These trifles have gone down into history—countless others have not been remembered, yet their planning must have been just as certain, just as inexorable, and just as integral a part of the gigantic scheme of things. On that great day when Destiny mapped out the lives of the countless millions to come, and mapped out the countless inter-actions of these lives on each other, and deftly and surely fixed all of the conditions, geographical, atmospheric, political, psychological, physical, and sociological under which these lives were to be lived, Destiny, at that moment, overlooked nothing. When at this second, I write these words, that writing was, at that unthinkable distant second, ordained had it not been so ordained, then it would have been ordained that at this second I should be doing something else.

If Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, for attending to details, then Destiny is an infinite Genius. It is interesting to think that back some millions of years, Destiny, looking with omniscient eyes on Nothing, and arranging Everything, said to the Celestial Scribe, "Please note that on August 4, 1914, England shall declare war on Germany, on October 17, 1930, the new wing of the Varsity Hospital shall be opened at Edmonton, and on October 20 of that year, Aereoperimeter shall have a tooth filled." All of which the C.S. duly notes, and the events are woven forever into the vast pattern of the world's lives, a pattern of immense variety but amazing integrity and unity.

*Thirdly* and lastly:—A peculiar thought arising from all of these facts is the new angle on accidents. We are accustomed to considering almost anything which we had not intended to happen as an accident. We drop a dish, we spill tea, we break a leg, or we drown—all are accidents; we throw a dish,

## MYSTERY

It began with a low rat-a-tat-tat. It swelled slowly to a dull roar. Then a deep tum-tum that brought up visions of dusky African natives and their wireless rolled out on the evening air. Sound, low and yet powerful, vibrated as though echoing from end to end of some enclosed Swiss valley.

Where was it and what was it? Such a mystery as this could not go unsolved, so I cut short my study of Tuck Shop bridge and began a tour of discovery. The throb grew as I drew near the Med Building. It seemed to be coming from the sundial on the Arts Building. Strange behavior surely for a perfectly sober clock (presented by austere seniors). I started down the walk to the Arts to investigate, but had only taken a few steps when I turned sharply. There, behind the Med dog house, sat two morose Freshman (C.O.T. seers of course) practising for Radio night!

—J. Mc.

## Arabian Love

Thou art the breath of my body,  
Thou art the care of my heart;  
Life is a desert without thee,  
Heaven's wherever thou art!  
Chorus of flutes by a fountain,  
Silver bells in the night,  
Murmur of rain on the mountain...  
These are thy voice, my Delight!  
Lean to me from the dark casement;  
Loose thy gauze veil from my eyes...  
Thou art a breeze, sweet with rose-scent,  
Thou art a cloud from the skies!  
Moonstone and opal and ruby,  
Silk from a far caravan,  
Perfumes and sweets I will give thee—  
These... and the love of a man!

—H. E. M.

## BUSHWACKING THE BUSHWAH

### A Stirring Tale of Adventure in the Land of the White Negro

Translated from the Persian by Higin Ginih

Probably not since the most imaginative works of H. G. Wells and Edgar Rice Burroughs were produced has there been such an extravaganza as that of Captain Aster Perm Ishun, I.O.D.E., S.C.M., H.E.C., the famous Persian scientist. The tale related below concerns itself with the travels of Capt. Ishun and Major Hedd Ake (of the Islam School of Metaphysics) in the land of the Bushwah, a race of white negroes occupying the northern part of the Goo Bye Desert. We might mention here that material proof of the journey may be seen in the oriental department of the Persian Zoo.—Editor.

It was a rather hot day in December, 1945, when I, Capt. Aster Perm Ishun, scientist to the Persian govern-

ment, was messing about in the lower stack room of the state library, hoping to chance on some hitherto overlooked scientific manuscript. My hopes seemed doomed to failure as, having looked through many a musty tome, I was about to abandon my search. A yellow document caught my eye, however, as I was replacing the withdrawn volumes. I know not why, but a premonitory excitement gripped me as I dusted the aged parchment. Opening the thing hastily, I fell back as certain words caught my attention. The script was ancient, written in the language of a race thought to be mythical; I refer to Koko Kola, the language of the Bushwah (Thirsty Ones), a reputed race of white negroes.

My voice was raised in a shout of sacrilegious proportions in that quiet place as I called my colleague, Major Hedd Ake, thrice-mentioned officer in the despatches of the Persian army on the Magikleanzer frontier and brother scientist. He dropped his book (a learned work on the Karburetor beetle) and rushed in with a small jar of smelling salts, no doubt remembering (worthy fellow!) my periodic attacks of Kruschenitis.

I thrust the parchment into his hands, being too agitated to read for myself. The Major (whose popularity had resulted in the honorary title of Painem, a well known rank in eastern countries) gaped rather more foolishly than was his wont, dropping his hookah (he had brought it with him) in the process. He feverishly began a translation of the primitive hieroglyphics. His excitement grew beyond bounds as the reading progressed, so that he was forced to sit down for several minutes to recuperate. At last:—

"Perm, old man, do you realize what you have found? It's a description of the route to the land of the hitherto supposed legendary Bushwah!"

Suffice it to say that we left immediately for the Goo Bye Desert, the northern part of which was described as being the home of the Bushwah.

#### The Arrival

After walking several miles for a camel (we only had one, and it got away on us when startled by a band of Khi Wanyas, an apple-eating species of elk), we arrived on the outskirts of a huge growth of Essbestis trees. Ten days were required to reach the

fertile hills noted as lying to the north of this forest. We were somewhat hampered by the fact that some of our carriers were attacked by Watzit flies (Persians are immune to these insects), but our progress was nevertheless quite satisfactory.

On reaching the outskirts, we were surprised to find a sizeable collection of white, cone-shaped buildings. A body of what appeared to be a Home Volunteer Guard composed of huge white-skinned men sprang toward us, brandishing immense weapons known as bayonets in the primitive civilization of 1914. We at once threw our hands up in proof of peaceful intent, at the same time calling "Pepp Suh Dentt (Peace, brothers)." The threatening gestures ceased, the natives appearing amazed at the sound of their language in the mouths of strangers.

"Lizt Treen (who are you?)" asked one larger than the rest and obviously the leader. As spokesman for our party, I told him we were representatives of a powerful nation beyond the great forest of Essbestis, and demanded that we be taken to the ruler of the tribe.

"Ass Prinn (very well!)" replied the leader. "Van Shin Creme (follow after)." He turned in the direction of the buildings, at the same time blowing shrilly on a Watah Mann (Bushwah whistle). You will note that the language is peculiar in the fact that all words begin with a capital letter!

#### The Village Potentate

The sound of the whistle resulted in a sudden outpouring of natives from the various huts, each house-

(Continued on Page 6)

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## E. Soph's Fables

(By E. Soph.)

Once upon a Time, O gentle Reader, in the By and Far Gone days when Skirts were more Abbreviated than at Present, a Freshette made a Run in her Silken Hosiery. (The word Run must not be Punned in this instance. It does not mean a Fast Gait, O Punner.)

She paid no Heed to the Run, but set Out on an Art's Hike. (This was not a Hike with a boy-friend named Art.)

While attempting to edge Gingerly past a bramble bush the Run was extended by a Thorn, and Ran a considerable Distance.

This Embarrassed our Juvenile Co-Ed. She stepped Into a nearby Thicket and made a sorry attempt to Decrease the Rent. (Although she owned the Property we must Refrain from Punning here.)

Thus originated that Proverb of Such Infinite Wisdom:  
"A Stitch in Time is Worth Two in the Bush."

—(Apologies to Mr. Aesop.)

## UNTO PEMBINA A VISITATION

Pembina usually appreciates visitors, even to the extent of having scheduled visiting hours; but two days ago these sentiments suffered a decided but temporary alteration. The sentiments most severely and rudely affected were those of the upper floor. And it all came about like this.

Two very timid and unsuspecting souls, on returning to residence the other evening, begin the ascent of the stairway, cautiously feeling out the way in the semi-gloom.

After the first landing the darkness becomes somewhat denser and the caution increases proportionately. Up five steps, around a corner and on—silence everywhere. And then, just as a trusty right foot is about to step out on the top floor, it stops in midair and two heads of hair become even more "wind-blown" in appearance than ever.

"Squeak! squeak!" It comes from quite close to their ears; and something soft and furry flaps against the face. A strange clammy sensation freezes them in its grip. For a moment the staircase has at its top two mute statues; but only for a moment. Another second and two figures speed down the corridor regardless of quiet. The agent of evil follows—a flap here—a squeak there—striking a zig-zag course between the two walls and appearing to be of enormous proportions in the awful blackness.

Rushing through their room-door, the two breathless ones pant in all the ecstasy of relief.

Out in the corridor the pursuer lurks. An open transom!—a patch of phantom blackness noiselessly slips through. Madly, the door is thrown open and the same two dash again into the hall. At the end of the corridor they come to a stop. What next?

Still tormented by the fangs of terror, the taller one, her back to the wall, refuses to give another inch. Her hand rubs against something smooth and cold.

She starts. It's the light switch. A trembling finger pressing the button home is responded to by a flood of light. Before them, down the corridor, perhaps seeking the solitude of some hedge or rail, a lone bat flits into the deepening shades.

"Go flit and flutter little bat: Still we wonder what you're at, Shrilly squeaking, darting past, Hiding where no light is cast."

Unto Assinibola Likewise  
"I flitted on and fluttered much, While into the night I passed; An open window drew me on—Another hall was gained anon!"

The long quiet of the night is beginning to settle over Assinibola as a studious freshman yields to the call of sleep. A stretch and a yawn—

(Continued on Page 6)

## A JACK HAYS' HEATED PACKARD SEDAN

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And at last each and every Freshette whispered as if it were her death-gasp, "I've got him!"

Suddenly the Sophs, Juniors and Seniors were unpleasantly aware of the fact that, while they were originators of the trouble, they couldn't hold a candle to the Freshettes for speed. Those who hadn't issued a two-weeks-in-advance invitation found to their dismay that their prospective partners had been snared by the wily Freshettes. Then, suddenly the password changed, at least among the non-Freshette element of the University from "Got yer man?" to a forceful "Darn the Freshettes!"

But I shout with enthusiasm: "Let's give three rousing 'rahs' to the Freshettes: 'Freshettes! rah! rah! rah! Freshettes! rah!'"





# SPORTS



## Students Raise Roof of Upper Gym

Pep Rally Tuesday Night Was Small But Enthusiastic—Coach Morgan Raps Lack of Varsity Spirit at Alberta

"Varsity, Varsity, Rah! Rah! Rah!"—and the Pep Rally held Tuesday night in the Upper Gym was off to an enthusiastic start. A very poor crowd was in attendance, but the pep and varsity spirit shown by those present partly made up for this.

President Al Harding spoke next, and asked especially for a good turnout to Wednesday's and Saturday's games. He mentioned the fact that an official holiday had not been granted, because the University authorities felt that the students did not, as a rule, use the holiday for the purpose for which it had been granted. Thus in order to secure any more holidays, the students must show real Varsity spirit and turn out en masse to the game. Also, the bringing of the U.B.C. team here involves an expense of about \$800, and a good turnout would be necessary to help defray expenses.

Coach Bud Morgan said a few—but very well chosen—words. About one thousand students came in for a good razzing for their lack of Varsity spirit. "Other schools get more of a crowd at practices than we get here at game," he said. When out of 1,200 or more students, only about 150 can turn out to a Pep Rally or game, a disgraceful lack of school spirit is manifested. We are extremely inclined to agree with him.

An innovation—and a good one—on Tuesday night was the new "Fight Song" introduced by the Rally Com-

mittee. Alberta Varsity is very lacking in college songs, and this effort on the part of the committee is to be highly commended. Oh, say, did you lamp the snappy gob hats the Rally Committee was wearing? Pretty hot, we say! They were supplied by the Regal Cap Company.

The Rally Committee announced this Fight Song was only one of many which they hoped to have ready next year.

The U.B.C. and Manitoba yells were attempted next. With a few weeks' practice we ought to get them in good shape. But no foolin'! they're hard yells. (We heard one wit say that he was glad he came to Alberta Varsity—it had the easiest yell.) Three ex-U.B.C. students attempted to render aid in the U.B.C. yell. Despite the fact that at first they couldn't quite decide on the tempo of the last part of the yell, they were a great help. Without their assistance we could never have manipulated those Indian words.

Anyhow, we hope for larger turnouts to games and Pep Rallies in future. Come on out—dust off your vocal chords and yell for your Varsity. If you don't support it, nobody will.

## VADA M'MAHON GOES TO CALGARY

Alberta Basketball Association Makes Important Changes

The University of Alberta was represented this year at the annual Meeting of the Alberta Basketball Association in Calgary by Miss Vada McMahon. Many important arrangements were made.

Mr. Yoemans was chosen as the district organizer. It was decided that the women's teams unite with the Women's Amateur Athletic Federation. Special emphasis was put on early applications for membership, and also early applications for the teams.

One important change was made. From now on only the scorers are required to sign the score sheets and to write in the names of the referee and umpire, thus doing away with the possibility of a game being called unofficial. Later on in the year there is to be a meeting of the referees, when a paid official referee will be chosen for each district.

It was decided that in the spring a central tournament will be held in Calgary, where as many provincial playoffs as possible will be held, on at a later date.

Edmonton was also represented at the meeting of the A.B.A. by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Richards, Mr. McDonald, and Mr. Tait.

## VARSITY RINK TO BE OPENED SOON

Work of Laying Foundations for Ice Already Under Way

With old man winter announcing his coming in his usual brusque manner, thoughts of rinks and hockey are again in the air. The various rink officials have been hard at work lately getting everything into shape, and it certainly looks like a big year. At the present moment the finishing touches are being put on in the shape of a coat of paint in a color scheme of cream and white, and will be completed within the next few days.

Mr. Webster has charge of the ice this year, and has been occupied for the past few days in superintending the laying of the sawdust base, which feature gives the rink a surface that will not buckle.

It is hoped that this year will see the senior hockey game played on our ice, and certainly if the quality of the ice has anything to do with the choice, we should surely get it. The rink committee is hoping to make this year go down in history in point of view of attendance. Those who wish to make arrangements for ice reservations should see Mr. Hugh Wilson, manager, at the earliest possible moment.

## BAD WEATHER SPOILS INTERFAC. RUGBY PROSPECTS

At Present No Decision Can be Reached as to Fate of League

With the weather man duplicating his feat of 1919 (which, by the way, they still talk about in Podunk), the boys who play interfaculty rugby are still in the air as to the possible outcome of the league.

Frank Edwards may be seen scanning the skies daily, and taking bearings on various ometers to ascertain what to do. Have you tried consulting the horoscope—or perhaps you prefer having your tea-cup read?

## STAR MIDDLE



KEN THOMPSON

Who played a hard, effective game against B.C. Ken was the best of Alberta's line on Wednesday.

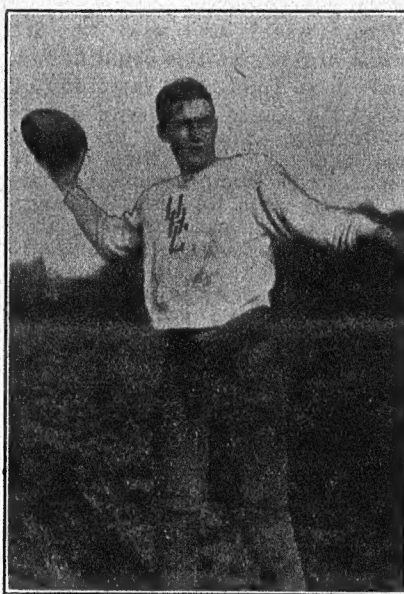
## ST. STEPHEN'S TRACK MEN AT BANQUET

Dr. Tuttle Addresses Banquet at St. Stephen's College

An interesting and delightful function took place in the dining hall of St. Stephen's College on the evening of October 16, when an informal banquet was provided by the Faculty of the College in honour of the members of the track teams in residence there. An excellent repast had been prepared and the tables decorated with bouquets of chrysanthemums, adding to the festive atmosphere of the occasion.

In a short but comprehensive address, Dr. Tuttle, on behalf of the Faculty, expressed his appreciation of the large part played by the men from the College in both interfaculty and intercollegiate meets. He pointed out that all the men now attending to an athletic record had already won for themselves a high academic standing, proving that a sound mind does dwell in a sound body. Among the names coming in for honorary mention were Messrs. Peck, McCourt, Whitmore, Ricker, Hanocho, and Rands. In a breezy and humorous speech Stanley Rands replied for the track team members present. George Neely, as President of the Students' Council, thanked the Faculty for their never-failing interest in student affairs, thanking also the guests of the evening for their worthy showing which balanced the high record established by the College in scholastic and oratorical achievement.

## HE KICKS 'EM FAR



BILL LATTA

Effective backfield man for B.C.

## SPORTING SLANTS

Well . . . What can we say? We don't want to be unduly harsh on the boys, and yet we don't want to give them the idea that they're a good rugby team. Personally, we would just as soon let bygones be bygones and forget about the whole sad business and get down to our studies.

We are now in favor of the suppression of college athletics. It's beginning to appear to us now that there really is a lot of common sense in what the anti-athletes are saying.

Anyway, it was a pleasure to lose to U.B.C. They were a great lot of sportmen, and win or lose, we enjoyed watching their line. Boy! What a line! In our opinion they have just as smooth a team as Saskatchewan, and a much heavier aggregation of players. If they work their fake plays and fast passing as well in the East as they did here they should be able to retain the Hardy mug.

The U.B.C. boys say that they are quite used to playing in mud and water. Perhaps that accounts for much of their superiority on Wednesday. There is no doubt that the soupy character of the grid had a lot to do with the Green and Gold debacle.

Dirom and Walmsley for the visitors offered some nice playing. They're fast and heavy and quick and (Alberta note) brainy.

What was the matter with our line? The individual players put up a brave fight, but the line didn't seem to hang together somehow or other.

Of course, they were opposed to one of the best lines that has ever played in Edmonton. In this connection we would like to ask meekly, why in thunder our brainy quarter called so many plunges after he saw the quality of the B.C. line? Plunge, plunge, plunge, where a little more well-timed open play would have made the game much more even. In a former issue we said that he is a potential star quarter. In this issue let us say that he is potential only, and not at all kinetic.

Ken Thomson worked harder than any man on the grid, and did more effective non-glory playing than any of his team-mates. This is brought to the attention of our Pop committee, who had eyes only for the startlingly beautiful plays and distributed their applause very indiscriminately, taking no notice whatever of Ken's work. Sophomores, of course, are a necessary evil, and they sometimes, following the law of averages, do provide some praiseworthy pep at our games; but sometimes, as on Wednesday, they make us wonder why the nuisance law is not put into better effect.

Buzz Fenerty and Wilf Hutton deserve praise for the way they picked

## VARSITY DISCOVERS NEW RUGBY HERO

Dr. Webster, star plunger of the Varsity squad, was the spearhead of a terrific attack Wednesday last. Dr. Webster is a left half by rights, but the coach is seriously considering extending the sawdust twins to include him—the sawdust triplets. Webster has the knack of gathering in a snapped ball at top speed, travelling low and hard and hitting the line like an express train. Madill and Conibear wilted before his bone-crushing attack—once bitten forever leery! Webster has acquired the art of rolling and weaving by long patient practice; he keeps turning, tolling off the defenders and ploughing toward the defenders goal line.

With both knees going like trip-hammers he is almost impossible to stop. Unfortunately, due to business arrangements, Dr. Webster was not in action Wednesday against U.B.C. We did our best to keep up the team spirit without him, but we certainly missed him.

## TIGERS WHIP ESKS ON SATURDAY 18-3

Game Played Under Poor Conditions—Calgary Worth Win

Leaving only a mathematical chance for their competitors in the Alberta League, the Tigers clinched the Alberta title when they defeated the Eskis at Renfrew Park on Saturday afternoon.

From the score we would say that the Eskis can kiss good-bye any hopes they ever had this year. Varsity appears as the only opposition in Alberta the Tigers may fear.

However, Varsity plays no more games in the provincial league, which was arranged to give Varsity two games with the Eskis and Tigers, and the two city teams had a couple extra each.

If the remaining two games between Tigers and Eskis are won by the Eskis it would result in a three-cornered tie. But you notice that this paragraph began with "if"—nuff sed.

## AT CALGARY



KEN THOMPSON

Skirting the Calgary end last week.

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## HIGH-PRESSURE SALESMANSHIP

By M.

There is no need to tell anyone what these words mean—we all know. It is something that is taught by the few, instilled into the comparatively few, but endured by the many. We don't propose here to give any pointers on high-pressure salesmanship, nor to tell where one may go to study it, but we intend to give a short course in low-pressure resistance.

Let us take a typical situation. You are a young lady of limited means, and you want a dress for the Wauneta. It is informal, they say, so you pass by the display of evening dresses and stop at a rack marked, "Regular \$39.50, On Sale \$19.95." So far so good, you begin to look through them in a leisurely way to see if there is one you like in your size. Thus occupied, you fail to notice the sophisticated-looking young lady in black who is sweeping across the floor with you as her objective, and before you know it there is a torrent of words in your ear:

"Can I Help You, Madam?"

"Lovely little dresses, aren't they? And such good value—marked down from \$30.50, and they were bargains at that. They're just new in, too, but we had too many of the one price and so we put them on for this, just giving them away, really. Now, what one would you like to try on? This little green one? It's an awfully good style and such lovely lines. This is the way to the dressing room."

At this point, being only human, she has to stop for breath, and you seize the opportunity of telling her that you have no interest in the green dress, and that you were merely looking around the store, but that if you wanted a dress at all it would have to be a ruby.

"Ruby! Yes, indeed, that color's so popular this year, and you're fortunate to have such a lovely skin; you can wear it so well. We have some beautiful dresses in that shade. What size would you take—about a sixteen?"

(Here we may remark that no matter what size you may be, the saleslady always estimates it correctly in her mind, and then suggests several sizes smaller as a delicate form of flattery.)

However, she says she has some dresses in ruby, and you feel relieved to hear that, for you had not noticed any on the rack, and you allow her to deposit you in the dressing room while she goes to get the ruby dresses.

She soon reappears with an armful of dresses, all of them in different intensities of the shade you like. Your opinion of her soars. You try on several dresses, and like them, and begin to believe you are really in luck for a change—she has not stopped talking since she came in, and once in a while the hammer of her conversation penetrates through your absorption.

"This one suits you wonderfully well—really, you would not make any mistake in getting it. As I said before, very few people could wear that color like you do, and it's a dress you could wear any time, to a dance or a tea, or an informal party—anywhere. And, after all, you get much more satisfaction out of a really good dress like this one. These we were looking at were pretty little dresses, but not nearly the quality that these are, and with a beautiful coat like yours you really want a good dress—a cheap one would look quite out of place with a coat like that."

The expression on your face causes her to pause for a moment, and you say: "Why! aren't these dresses from the rack I was looking at?"

"Oh, no, indeed, you couldn't get dresses like these for \$19.95. These are \$39.50 marked down from \$54.95. You wouldn't want one of those cheap ones, would you?"

The Cheaper Line

By this time you begin to feel quite cheap yourself, but you take a

## Hairpinology

By Anonymous

Friends, Edmontonians and fellow-Calgarians, have you ever read a book on the subject of Hairpinology? No! I am sure you never have, because, up to the present, it is almost absolutely certain that no such enlightening work has ever been written. As one of the long-hair brigade, I consider it a duty to make known to the public the great services to womankind performed by the little instrument known as the hair-pin.

Everyone has seen the hair-pin performing its everyday business of supporting, ably or otherwise, the heavy coils of some fair damsel's hair. But this is the least of all the hairpin's duties. This retiring little article if support performs an untold number of services for the select and sympathetic few. There is nothing more serviceable in a crowd than a hair-pin. Used in a judicious manner, one can clear a path in a fashion that rivals that of a hat-pin. Nor can one find a more efficient instrument for the removal of cotton wadding from the neck of a medicine bottle. Two hair-pins, neatly straightened out and forced into the corners of a slice of raisin bread will hold that dainty morsel over a toaster until it reaches the requisite shade of blackness. Of course! toast is no good at all unless it is burnt. Then again, raisins can be gently picked out from the filament when they desire to cremate themselves. What is a short-circuit and a blown fuse in the saving of a precious life.

And also . . . but there, that's enough. My hair is falling down again, because I never could get those darned things to stay in right.

firm stand, and insist that your taste runs to cheap dresses. Looking disappointed in humanity, she gathers up the ruby dresses and sweeps out of the room, saying that she has some charming little ruby dresses in the lower-priced ones, but she did not know you would want anything so cheap.

Soon she is back bringing three dresses with her, a green, a scarlet and a black.

"I am so sorry, we have not one ruby in the lower-priced dresses; we had some, but they're all gone. But this little green is just your dress—when I saw you looking at the rack I thought, 'That green dress was made for her, with that lovely skin—'"

"But I don't want a green dress," you cut in coldly. "I could not consider green. I want a ruby if I am going to have a dress at all."

"But why? Green is so good this year, and ruby is going out fast, you know, and besides, you could wear this green anywhere. That ruby is so startling a color that there would only be a limited number of occasions when you could wear it, and you would get tired of it soon. Just try on this green; it won't take a second."

Before you can protest, the green is over your head.

"Oh, that is becoming, isn't it? The lines suit you beautifully and the color is perfect. There's one thing about an inexpensive dress like this, you can wear it for a while and get another when you are tired of it, and the quality is really just as good as in the more expensive lines. I never believe in paying too much for a dress, myself; I find there is such good value in these less expensive lines, and such satisfaction, too."

Strange how the word "cheap" has disappeared from her vocabulary now she is dealing in a different class of dresses—these are not cheap, they are merely "less expensive"—you might buy one.

"But I am not going to consider a green," you say. "My hat is ruby, and I want a ruby dress."

"Oh, is that your objection? Well, personally, I never care for a hat and dress of the same color. It looks so dull—rather dowdy, don't you think; and you are young, you want your clothes to look bright. I don't think anything could look nicer than a green dress with a ruby hat" . . . and so on, ad infinitum.

### The Escape

There are various roads one can take in dealing with these people, and in each of them there are several necessary pre-requisites to success. First, you must have a firm hand on your pocket-book or you will be persuaded to leave a "small deposit" to hold the dress while you consider it; second, you must be quite immune to flattery; and most important of all, you must have absolutely no conscience. Thus armed, you may tell her that you are in love with the dress and will she hold it for you until tomorrow at 9.30? Or you may say that you are sure you will take the dress, but you would like to look hold it for an hour? She will prob- around town a bit first, and will she ably ask what name to put on it, and in that case you may give her your own name (without your address) or a fictitious one. Another plan is to be undecided between two dresses—neither of which you want—and say that you're going to buy a new hat that day, and the hat you select will of course, decide which dress you should get. This is a very good way out, and if it is done well she will not even ask for your name to put on the dresses while she reserves them until you've bought your hat. If none of these plans work, then take the dress, have her wrap it up, pay for it, and the next day come back with a very long face and tell a pitiful story of a hard-hearted parent who would not let you keep the dress, and please could you get a refund? Both your parents are probably in another town, but as we have said, we must have no conscience.

## The PIG'S EYE



We noted with some pain during our recent hurried visit to the campus a surprising and regrettable state of affairs, to wit, an outburst of scholasticism hitherto unprecedented, on the part of the freshmen. We have it on good authority that Class '34 is displaying a thirst for knowledge that is truly phenomenal and that efforts of older classmen to awaken in them some sense of the proper have met with failure, not to say scorn.

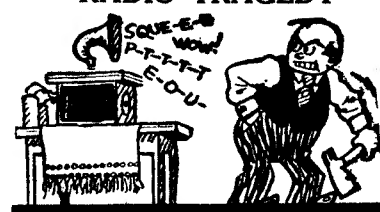
To those who lounged gracefully through four or six years of Varsity life, this condition is alarming, not to say dangerous. While a certain amount of time should be devoted to study, as any upper classman will admit, the idea of taking the affair seriously is abhorrent. It can only have one result, a horrible collection of swots, dead to all save the elusive grade. Perish the thought!

An authoritative census of Alberta's leading men in public life reveals the fact that the majority of them were college men, and at college were miserably poor, according to their own story. They burned the midnight oil when others frittered away their time in rathskellers (pre-Volstead for speakeasy) and beer fights. They "got there" in the Y.M.C.A.-ics sense of the word. Thousands of leading citizens. Think of it! And knowing the "better citizen" of the average small town we need say no more. We leave it to the good sense of Class '34.

A stroll down the western end of Eighth avenue (the Jasper avenue of Calgary) brings to light several surprising things. The most notable, in our opinion, is the sad fate of numerous big stock and bond houses. At one time the Street of Easy Money literally abounded with swank financial fronts, some done with a garish touch that put to shame Mr. Woolworth's dime emporiums. Now they lie empty for the most part with the brass signs chiseled from the walls and members of faded and melancholy glory about them. The saddest blow of all was to find one of the largest turned into an indoor golf course. Possibly some demented bond salesman getting his own back. Who knows?

As the first chill of winter appears in the air a certain restiveness becomes manifest in our aged veins. We scan theatrical news eagerly and even occasionally buy theatre magazines. The old trouble coming on again as one Thespian is wont to remark. We were cheered to see that the inter-year plays are about to start, at least the first preparations. A certain number of plays will be produced, by the more conscientious members of the classes. Meetings will be held and some rather sketchy plans made. A review of the financial situation will then chill a number of bright ideas in the bud and interest will lag for a time. Then there will be a final decision made—the wrong one, rejected actors will say, and the eventual weeding out of would-be stage celebrities. Convocation Hall will be cleared of impedimenta, including draughtsmen, and the big night will be on. The senior class will win again and all be forgiven and forgotten in several delightful and wholly unconventional parties. Would some kindly soul ascertain for our benefit if the rosette designs on that downtown cabaret ceiling really do revolve? —H. D. S.

### RADIO TRAGEDY



BERT CAIRNS

Listening to his own report of the rugby game coming in over the Tuck Shop radio set.

## Limp Lyrics No. 3

### The Case of Jenkin and Mencken

When Jenkin came to college he, Intent upon theology, Thought a minister's degree To be his one ambition. His chum, a certain Mencken who With things divine had naught to do, Was filled with aspirations to Become a skilled physician.

Young Mencken tore his hair and cried To find his course quite cut and dried "Such things are only fit," he sighed "For people such as Jenkin." That worthy, on the other hand, Found it hard to understand Why he should cultivate the land Of more concern to Mencken.

But Jenkin took zoology, And soon forgot theology, And soon bacteriology Was all that he could feature. While Mencken's spirit seemed to rhyme With cogitations more sublime, 'Twas hard for him to bide his time 'Till he could be a preacher.

Today young Dr. Jenkin cried: "I'm glad that course was cut and dried, But for that providential guide I should have been like Mencken." And Mencken tells his little flock How he was saved to be their rock, "The fates delivered quite a knock To poor, misguided Jenkin."

—J. A. F.

## THE DUD'S COLUMN

### This Week: Blueberry Pie

Blueberry pie has a lot to answer for besides making it possible for Pepsodent to pay Amos and Andy. (Pepsodent, you may recall, is another menace to movies—it's film-removing.) I have in mind its propensity for falling from one's fork with a barrel roll, making a three-point landing on a clean table cloth, or one's new tux, to say nothing of the effect of "blues" evident on the pristinely cheerful countenance after a section of the succulent dessert has gone the way of all palate-teasers.

To thoroughly understand blueberries in any form, one has to pick the things. It has been found that the only successful harvest is to be picked on a gloomy day, with mosquitos occupying most of the available flesh of the picker. If the mosquitos fall down on the job, the ants and caterpillars help out. A bottle of larger is useful at this time.

Next comes the business of washing the berries and baking the pie. This needn't worry interested males; the wife generally takes charge right here. Hubby gets up a bucket of coal, or, in the case of a gas range, stands in the way with the Daily Blah in his hand, or the latest Gateway, or some other equally amusing paper.

It is interesting to watch the berry at this point. After washing, it has the quite innocuous look characteristic of a chocolate-coated pill. Immediately heat is applied, however, one glimpses the horror that lies within. A viscous blue substance oozes out after a preliminary swelling of the berry. Like a bee drawn to a flower, the watcher is enticed by a sickly sweet smell, at once repulsive and attractive. The victim withdraws the pie from the oven, lays the clean cloth, and the fun begins.

The effective power of the blue-

berry to create havoc is most easily ascertained in a pie-eating contest. The competitors and observers are here splashed with that lack of discrimination which stamps blueberries as good mixers; democracy is demonstrated as a fact, not a nebulous theory, in the world of the blueberry.

Another feature of pies containing this fruit is the number of seeds found therein. Many a set of false teeth has been forced into the open (air, not mouth) as a result of seeds going the wrong way. If we knew anything about puns we might say that the victim has a decidedly seedy look when this happens, but we have been told that this is not a good sample of punning.

We can't think of anything more

### Idolatry

Light-hearted Love spread his pretty wings; Decided he was meant for higher things; Flew out the window, leaving us alone— Two puppets kneeling at an empty throne.

—G. M.

FOR TAXI PHONE 24444

about blueberry pie without saying something unprintable; we only wrote this to prevent the feature editor's becoming crusty over lack of stories anyway. There may be something interesting to tell you next week, and if so, we'll certainly tell it.

## PRINCESS THEATRE

Last Time Today: Thursday

BARBARA STANWYCK in "LADIES OF LEISURE"

Showing Friday and Saturday

MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN, in "CAUGHT SHORT"

Passed U

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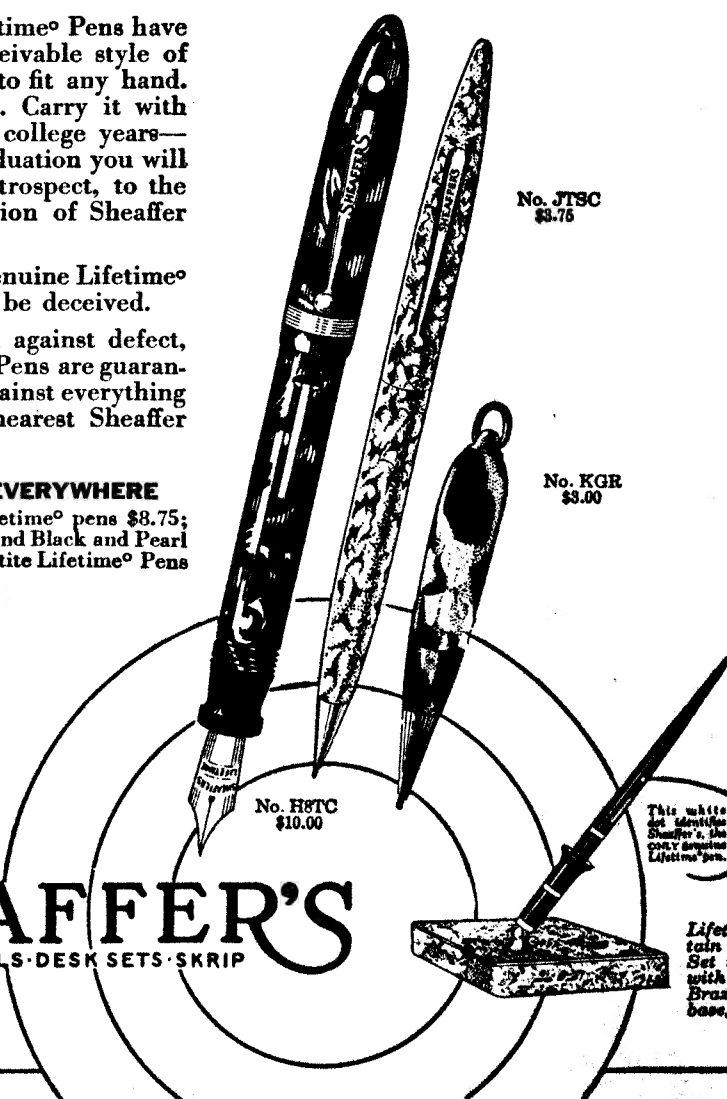
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## Gwen Mullett is Initiated Into Latin Honors Society

Graduated From U. of A. in 1930 With Honors in Classics—Now at University of California—Plays "Helen" to Shiek's "Paris"

Gwen Mullett (B.A., 1930) seems to be making herself solid with the Californians already. In a letter recently received she tells of her initiation, with due rites, into the Latin honor society, Pi Sigma. An account of the ceremony follows:

"The initiates had to present the program at the last meeting. We put on a light comedy in three acts entitled Helen of Troy. I was Helen! My Paris was simply priceless. . . . To make matters still more amusing, the whole production was sung, and Paris, although a Phi Beta Kappa, is nothing at all as an A.R.C.M. In fact, he sings off note more consistently than anyone I've ever been privileged to hear. . . . We eloped from Sparta to the tune of 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean,' and some of my lines are:

'I'd like to sail over the ocean,  
Or even the Aegean sea;

It might cause a little commotion, But that doesn't matter to me.' Paris, clad in a costume that was a cross between a Roman lady's house dress and an Etruscan tunic, was enough to make any girl leave her husband. Helen, with her long yellow tresses (Ed.: How do they get 'em?) bound up with a triple silver ribbon fillet, simply revelled in this chance to display her dramatic prowess. . . . Paris and I also sang in duet, 'Oh, So Blue!' It certainly was just that."

Well, Gwen, it doesn't look as if life was so slow at Berkeley after all, especially among these Honors Classics students. However, just in case anybody should be running away with the idea that it's all beer and skittles at the University of California, our Alberta representative adds: "I've discovered that the University of California is decidedly not run on the same principles as all our best movie colleges seem to be." Follows an account of fourteen strenuous hours of lectures, including a seminar on Roman private life where they expect you to read every language from Chinese to Choctaw in the original, and a half-a-dozen hours of teaching. Still, when life seems hard and one's weary, Gwen has the swimming pool at the Hearst Gymnasium for Women in which to drown her sorrows. Girls, if you haven't seen that swimming pool, you just don't know what a swimming pool is.

All in all, we're terribly sorry for Gwen. We all liked her around here, and it seems just too bad that such a cruel fate should have overtaken her.

### BUSHWACKING THE BUSHWAH

(Continued from Page 3)

hold lining up in orderly fashion before the front door of its particular dwelling. At the far end of the street which the huts bordered was a building of cylindrical lower section, surmounted with a conical cap of Sau Disth, the building material from which the dwellings were made. (I cannot think of the name of the material most closely resembling this substance found commonly in our own country.)

From this building there emerged a tall native of imposing physical proportions, carrying in his hand the ever-present smoking tool used by these people. (An instrument similar to the Western variation of the hookah, known as a Vak Yum Klinn Eer). He seated himself on a large chromium-plated chair (chrome seemed very plentiful in the land of the Bushwah). An orchestra comprising the Sack-Uh-Fun, the Mann Dough Lhin, and other native instruments of primitive manufacture played the tune of "Barkh Uh Rhole," the village theme song, as we marched slowly toward the potentate.

The latter greeted us courteously, and at once set us at ease with a touch of true Western humor: "Impir Yull-Ile Oh Yes Bigum," he said, meaning, "What produces today's snigger in the woodpile?" The pun was well turned, we thought. We laughed unceasingly for a full half-hour, the ruler being all smiles at our enjoyment of his wit. His name, which he had neglected to tell us so far, he now informed us was Ahr Bee Behn Ethh ("h" being silent as in the English "cat").

We now opened negotiations with Ahr Bee, as he preferred to be called, on behalf of our government. In exchange for lessons in Sohl Uh Ta'rh (a tariff system peculiar to Bushwah) we were willing to bring in seven Messi Hahr Uss coffee grinders. (Messi Hahr Uss is the Bushwah for "Harley Davidson"). Ahr Bee said that he could rely, as usual, on his people to back him even if he did not explain to them the nature of the agreement, so amiable is their disposition. Forthwith we sent an order to the Export Department of the Persian government (since changed hands six times through revolutions).

In twelve days the machines arrived, but were unable to enter by reason of a wall which had been erected around the village. Ahr Bee explained that this was a Tahr Eef wall ("Tahr Eef" is Bushwah for "New Zealand Butter," a product manufactured by a British dominion). It seemed that village manufacturers, albeit primitive in method, were producing a machine called Jonh Dirrh to compete with the Messi Hahr Uss ("Jonh Dirrh" is Bushwah for "Advance-Rumley") and must not labor at a disadvantage.

We left Ahr Bee Behn Ethh with sorrow in our hearts. The childlike simplicity of the man had won our affection; it was hard to leave one who was, in the strange language of his kind, a Hipp Beeg Chiff. Mounting our Forhdd Tu Dorhh (Bushwah for "canned music machine"), we passed through an opening made in the wall for us, and so commenced our journey home.

## HOUSE DANCE IS AGAIN CROWDED

Smoke-clouds Hang in Air as Dancers Gyrate on Slippery Floor

The ever-increasing popularity of the Varsity house dance was displayed last Saturday at the third dance of the season. The gym floor was at its slipperiest, but all managed to retain their equilibrium, at least now and again.

Practically as soon as supper had been swallowed, the lower gym was a swarming mass of students—busily engaged in booking dances with those whom they knew, and hinting at introductions to those they didn't know. Then there was a mad stampede upstairs to claim the first dance. There still seems to be a great deal of timidity on the part of the Freshmen, Freshettes and others, for the walls and gallery were scenically lined with picturesque species of the "long and short of it." Perhaps other than University students helped to swell this crowd.

The orchestra was at its best, and the general feeling of the evening may be found in the old, but nevertheless expressive, saying, "Watch my dust." However, one might satisfactorily change that word to "smoke," for at times one was nearly asphyxiated by the undue amount of smoke drifting lazily around the rafters. The last waltz came all too soon, and the dancers, happy but not at all tired, drifted homeward, slight regrets in the minds of the Freshettes that they could not accept that invitation to Tuck.

### WEDNESDAY'S GAME

On Wednesday we played hosts to a courteous and sportsmanlike rugby team from British Columbia and yet classes held at the same hour were not cancelled. The reason for this, we are given to understand, is due to the very poor turnout on the Wednesday of the inter-faculty track meet. True, we were given a full day for the track meet and very few turned out to witness the affair. But we do not consider the two cases parallel at all. The first instance was only a local affair. It was an all-day meet on a day during which the weather was very poor. Students have never been as interested in local track meets as in inter-university rugby.

Our representatives approved of the schedule to bring B.C. here for a Wednesday game. B.C. came and showed fine sportsmanship in the game. It seems rather a shame that for the two hours necessary for the game we could not have cancelled classes and allowed all to witness the game who wished to do so without cutting classes.

—A. A.

## Dance Regulations

The attention of all members of the Students' Union, and particularly of the class executives, is drawn to the following regulations concerning Dance Tickets as embodied in the Amendments to the Constitution:

1. That the total number of persons attending any dance, including all guests and extra orchestra, should not exceed 450.

2. (a) That tickets and programmes may be used only by those named therein.

(b) That tickets and programmes shall not be transferable through the executive or dance committee.

(c) That the dance committee may, at its discretion, refund the money for tickets turned back and such tickets shall be offered for sale according to the preference list.

3. That the classes discontinue the practice of selling a combine membership fee and dance admission ticket and that class fees be an amount fixed by class executives sufficient to cover class work other than dance expenses.

4. That the sale price of dance tickets should not exceed \$2.50.

5. That in the sale of tickets to any dance a preference be given to paid-up members of the classes or clubs as follows:

(1) To members of the class or faculty club conducting the dance and to members of the Faculty and Administrative Staff.

(2) To graduating and non-graduating members of the Senior Class and to graduates not now members of the Students' Union.

(3) To members of the Junior Class.

(4) To members of the Sophomore Class.

(5) To members of the Freshman Class.

The above preference list is to apply to all dances except the Freshmen and Sophomore Receptions, and then the Freshmen and Sophomores are together with the Faculty and Administrative Staff to be given first preference. Members of the Junior Class and graduates not now members of the Students' Union are to be given second preference.

That the above regulations be made to apply to all major dances.

### WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

The first practice of the Women's Basketball team will be held next Thursday evening, October 23, in the upper gym, from 6 to 7 o'clock. A special invitation is extended to all Freshettes.

## MODERN BUSINESS TO BE DISCUSSED

R. Taprell, of James Richardson and Sons Lectures Under Auspices School of Com.

Under the auspices of the School of Commerce, Mr. R. Taprell, of James Richardson and Sons, will shortly commence a series of lectures dealing with several phases of modern business.

These lectures will be given in Room 235 Arts Building at 5:00 on Thursday afternoons. All students are welcome to attend. The program is as follows:

1. The Change in Methods of Distribution and its Effect upon General Business.
2. Underwriting.
3. Mergers and Amalgamations.
4. The Various Forms of Capital Organization.
5. The Trend in Investments.
6. Depression and Non-depression Proof Stocks.
7. Call Loans.
8. Ten Rules for the Investor.
9. The Investment Trust.
10. The Centralized versus Decentralized Industry.
11. The Mechanism of Business.
12. Statistics.

## ERNEST RAYMOND HERE NOV. FIRST

Author of "Tell England" to Speak at University

The distinguished English writer, Ernest Raymond, author of "Tell England" and of several other well-known books, is coming to Edmonton under the auspices of the National Council of Education the first of next month. He will speak in Convocation Hall on November 1 at 8:15, the subject of his address at that time being "The Spirit of England." In this connection it is of interest that the picture "Atlantic," which is being shown at a local theatre this week is based on Mr. Raymond's play, "The Berg." The play, as does the picture, deals with the sinking of the Titanic, which was sunk in the North Atlantic Ocean as the result of striking an iceberg during the night, and which constituted one of the greatest marine disasters in history.

Anyone who has had the opportunity of reading Mr. Raymond's works will be interested in hearing him speak.

### YEAR BOOK NOTICE

Graduate students or other non-members of the Students' Union who want Year Books should deposit \$3 with the cashier at the General Office as soon as possible.

### B.C. RUGBY SQUAD OUTSCORES VARSITY 16-1

(Continued from Page 1.)

A long forward pass. Smith kicked. Chodat ran the kick back 25 yards. Thompson stopped him. B.C. made yards on an end run around right end. Moir caught a B.C. pass. Alberta's forward pass failed. Smith kicked to Chodat. B.C. end run failed. B.C. kicked to Smith, who dropped the ball. Shandro recovered. B.C. caught Alberta's forward pass. Hutton smeared B.C.'s buck. Steele and Latta made yards through right, but B.C. were penalized for offside. Alberta's attempt at forward pass failed. Smith kicked. Menzies got behind B.C. line and broke up the play.

### Fourth Quarter

B.C. bucked through centre. B.C. kicked to Smith, who was downed in his tracks. Moir failed to make yards through centre. Smith threw a 30 yard forward pass to Hutton. Alberta's buck failed. Smith kicked to Latta. Moir tackled. B.C. failed to make yards on bucks. Smith spoiled their end run. Alberta failed. A forward pass failed. Smith kicked. In attempting to block the kick a B.C. man touched the ball, putting all Alberta men onside. Hunter gets ball. Burke fails to make yards on end run. Smith kicked to Latta, who ran back 20 yards. B.C. failed to make yards and kicked to Smith, who fumbled. B.C. recovered. B.C. failed to make yards and kicked to Burke, who fumbled, but recovered. B.C. failed to make yards and kicked to Burke, who fumbled, but recovered. Smith's forward pass was caught by Murdoch. Hunter smeared B.C.'s end run. Timothy tackled the next attempt. Latta tried a drop kick from 35 yards out, but failed; 1 point for kick to deadline. Alberta bucks fail. McGuire stopped Shandro on end run. Alberta failed to make yards on third down. B.C. ball. B.C. made 5 yards through centre. Dirom was stopped on an end run. Walmsley carried ball over at right side of field. Try unconverted.

Thompson kicked. Walmsley broke through the line for 35 yards. Hunter finally stopped him. B.C. kicked to Shandro. Alberta threw a forward pass to Fenerty.

Final score: B.C. 16, Alberta 1. Referee: Red McCall. Judge of Play: Bro. Philip. Head linesman: J. Enright.

Alberta lineup: Thompson, Hall, Lantz, Kennedy, Menzies, Timothy, Moir, Shandro, L. Smith, McLennan, I. Smith, Cook, Hutton, Fenerty, Preston, Wilson, Conibear, Herron, Stuart, Burke, Madill, MacKenzie. British Columbia: Perdue, Smith, Peden, Winters, Hager, Jack, Cliff, Hall, Jestley, Duncan, Murdoch, Moore, McGuire, Innes, Root, Steele, Latta, Chodat, Bolton, Dirom, Walmsley, Hedreen.

## Dr. Macleod Discusses Telephone Distortion

Heaviside's Mathematical Solution of Distortion in Telephone Lines Dealt With at Math Club Meeting—Ken Alexander Appointed Club Secretary for 1930-31

The first of the 1930-31 Mathematics Club meetings was held in Arts 239 on Tuesday, Oct. 21. The guest speaker was Dr. H. J. Macleod, of the Faculty of Applied Science, whose subject was "Distortionless Lines"—a survey of Heaviside's mathematical treatment of the problems involved in long-distance telephony.

Distortion in telephone lines, said the speaker, is due to two main causes; one of these is attenuation of the sine components of the electric wave equivalent of the voice vibrations, the other is due to phase shift. The latter causes arises from the fact that certain frequencies, having greater velocities than others, tend to arrive at the receiving end of the line in advance of slower frequencies. To such distortion (even when the "lag" is 75/1000 of a second) the human ear is quite sensitive. Both types of distortion were demonstrated by the use of phonograph records prepared by the Bell Telephone Laboratories of New York.

Heaviside demonstrated by a simple mathematical treatment that the distortion due to phase shift and sine component attenuation could be eliminated by taking into account the inductance of the line. Hitherto, capacity in the line was considered

the vital factor; Heaviside declared that if the line inductance could be raised, the capacity-resistance product could be made equal to the inductance-insulation loss product, removing distortion. His theory was not put into practice until some years later, due to his inability to act in harmony with the English postmaster general. The Bell Telephone system in New York finally used the principle, "loading" long distance lines with inductances at regular intervals. One hundred million dollars were thus saved in interconnecting cities by telephone. Distortionless transmission of radio programs from coast to coast, over telephone lines between stations, has resulted from the application of Heaviside's principle.

Dr. Macleod's interesting elucidation was very well received, a vote of thanks being moved by Prof. Keeping.

The secretary for this session, Louis Whitthorn, not having returned, Ken Alexander was elected to the position. The assistant secretary will be appointed at the next meeting.

## VISITOR FROM EAST

Professor Mecklen of Queen's Will Spend Few Days Here

A distinguished visitor to the University of Alberta next week will be Professor Nathaniel Mecklen, of Queen's University, Kingston. Professor Mecklen will be here from October 29 to November 3, and will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Macleod.

An Englishman in early middle age, his brilliant academic career has included posts at Mansfield College and at Oxford. He is at present in the theological department at Queen's, and is loaned for a month to the Students' Christian Movement of Canada through the kindness of that institution. He has had numerous contacts with the S.C.M. of Great Britain.

Professor Mecklen's program, arranged by the S.C.M. of this University, will be as follows:

General Meeting—Thursday, Oct. 30, at 4:30 in A-135. Subject: "Does a new world need a new religion?"

Fireside Discussions—Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8:00 p.m. Places and subjects to be announced.

Sunday Services—Morning, 11:00 a.m., Convocation Hall; subject, "Christianity and Culture." Evening, 7:30 p.m., McDougall Church; subject, "The Knowledge of God." Students and members of the faculty are cordially invited to attend any or all of these meetings.

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